UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Disarmament

By Sydney Strong

Snap-Shots of Russia—II
- - - - - - *Clarence R. Skinner*

Gandhi's Economics—I
- - - - - - *Haridas T. Muzumdar*

The Revolution in India (Book Review)
- - - - - - *John Haynes Holmes*

Mostly Oriental (Book Review)
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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Gandhi's Fast

Nagpur, July 15.—In the weekly *Harijan* of last week Mr. Gandhi wrote his first article about the fast under the title "All About the Fast." This contains a very interesting statement explaining how the voice of God came to him clearly calling him to undertake the fast. He writes: "For me the voice of God, of conscience, of truth, or the inner voice or the 'still small voice,' mean one and the same thing. I saw no form. I have never tried, for I have always believed God to be without form. But what I did hear was like a voice from afar and yet quite near. It was as unmistakable as some human voice definitely speaking to me, and irresistible. I was not dreaming at the time I heard the voice. The hearing of the voice was preceded by a terrific struggle within me. Suddenly the voice came upon me. I listened, made certain that it was the voice, and the struggle ceased. I was calm. The determination was made accordingly, the date and the hour of the fast were fixed. Joy came over me. Could I give any further evidence that it was truly the voice that I heard and that it was not the echo of my own heated imagination? I have no further evidence to convince the skeptic. He is free to say that it was all self-delusion or hallucination. It may well have been so. I can offer no proof to the contrary. But I can say this—that not the unanimous verdict of the whole world against me could shake me from the belief that what I heard was the true voice of God."—*The Christian Century.*

On the Need for Intellectual Co-operation

The (League of Nations) International Committee on Intellectual Co-operation held its annual session in Geneva during the month of July. The main task of this body (which is composed of eminent professors and educationists from various countries of the world) is to examine the functioning of the League of Nations Organization of Intellectual Co-operation, to give a general mandate and plan of annual work to the Paris Institute of Intellectual Co-operation and to the

(*Continued on page* 32)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXII MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1933 Number 2

PATER NOSTER

[A Modern Version]
Our Father who art,
We live in Thee;
Thy kingdom come,
To make us free.
Thy gift of life,
Our daily food;
As we forgive,
So enters good.
Thou dost not lead
Our feet astray;
Thou art our One,
Our Perfect Way:
Amen.

R. S.*

***"The principle of my revision appears clearly in the first line—statements rather than petitions! I have aimed for clear scientific operative positiveness. The old petitionary form, as Jesus well knew, is designed for those who are buried, submerged, blinded by exterior conditions. For those who have begun to move a more positive form is needed."**

R. S.

By the end of the war with Germany, social compulsion had become a national habit. . . . During the war he (the American) had discovered how easy it was to legislate and propagandize and intimidate his neighbors into what seemed to him acceptable conduct, and after peace was declared he went on using the same sort of methods to see that they continued to conform.

From Liberty-loan campaigns . . . he turned to community-chest drives and college-endowment fund drives . . . and a multitude of other public campaigns: committees and subcommittees were organized, press agents distributed their canned releases, orators bellowed, and the man who kept a tight grip on his pocket-book felt the uncomfortable pressure of mass opinion.

Thus writes Frederick Lewis Allen in his fascinating history of the nineteen-twenties, "Only Yesterday," which was so popular a year ago. He goes on to tell of the revolt against this sort of thing—the coercion of a government and populace which "knew how people ought to behave, and would stand for no nonsense!" But this revolt evidently did not run very deep, as it did not last very long. For here we are right in the midst of another campaign to force people into the goose-step of public conformity, whether they like it or not. The same "committees and subcommittees," the same "press agents" and "canned releases," the same bellowing "orators," the same newspaper clamor, the same *drive* as of a herd of cattle into a compound of obedience! Of course NRA is a laudable undertaking—we have more than once expressed in these columns our approval of President Roosevelt's purpose and policy in this great attempt to rescue the nation from the depression! But the war against Germany was a laudable undertaking—or so men thought at the time! Certainly the "community-chest drives" and the "college-endowment-fund drives" and all the rest were laudable undertakings. But we hated then the methods of ballyhoo and coercion which put these campaigns over, and we hate the same methods today when used to put the NRA campaign over. Is it possible that only in such ways can democracy function?

All this NRA talk about buying—"buy now, buy to the full of your reasonable and prudent needs"—makes us decidedly tired. How can we buy with our income considerably less than half of what it was a few years ago? How can the great mass of the people buy with reduced incomes, no incomes at all, debts accumulated in the dreadful struggle to hold together and keep going and, to cap the climax, increased prices? And what is this "buy, *buy*" business but an asinine repetition of the very debauch which got us into all this trouble in the beginning? The same cry rang through the welkin in those hectic years from 1924 to 1929. We must buy—buy what we needed, buy what we wanted, buy what we couldn't use, buy what we couldn't pay for! We must buy, said the super-salesmen, to keep things booming, and to prove America to be the luxury nation of the world. And now we hear the cry again! If we heed as well as hear it, we shall only repeat the 1929 disaster on a vaster scale. Says the *Christian Leader* (a brave and wise paper these days!),

It will be the same old unwise, artificially stimulated instalment buying. This will mortgage the incomes (purchasing power) of more than a majority of the wage earners. In a very short time the salaries of these earners will be completely signed up. The resultant crippling of purchasing power will, if it comes to pass, provide an economic shock of the first magnitude.

But the worst of the thing is the principle of the thing! What are we, we human beings—just so many consumers of material things? What do we exist for—just to absorb the goods produced by machines, for the sake of keeping the machines going? Are we on this planet just to serve the interests of machines (and their owners!), or are machines here to serve the interests of men? The NRA is in many ways a great and heroic undertaking, but if in the end it means nothing but the subjection of a whole people to the business of consuming for its own sake, then it is an unmiti-

gated evil. The trouble is, *we are still under the capitalistic system.* Our machines cannot be made to run unless they produce profits. When these machines belong to the people, and run as, when, and if the people want them to run, then we shall get somewhere.

Add to the Russian, Italian, German, Spanish, Irish, and perhaps our own revolutions, the Cuban! This last overturn was revolution in the story-book sense of the word—a bloody tyrant hiding in his palace, soldiers patroling the streets and shooting down the people, raging mobs, assassinations, burnings, lootings. Those were terrible days in Havana and elsewhere in that last week before Machado took his flight. Before the memory of them fades away in the swift transitions of attention in modern thought, it may be well to recall the facts behind these dreadful events and the responsibility therefor. Fortunately, at just this moment, there has appeared a book which tears away the curtain and shows us what has long been hidden behind its folds. We refer to Carleton Beal's "The Crime of Cuba." In the pages of this volume, which almost drip with blood and curl with horror, we are made to see our own country, the United States, as the chief offender against the Cuban people. In 1898, we did not free Cuba, but only transferred her from the bondage of Spain to the exploitation of America. In the famous Platt Amendment we proclaimed to all the world that we did not propose to let this helpless victim out of our lustful grasp. All the idealism of that hour, in other words, was used to establish an economic and political despotism, not only connived at but actually achieved by Washington, in the interest of powerful American financial, sugar, public utility, and mining interests. For years the Cubans have been nothing but a horde of slaves, with the monstrous Machado as the slave-driver armed to do the will of the American banks and corporations which profited thereby. Now the Cuban people have arisen in revolution, and by their own blood achieved their independence. It is to the everlasting credit of President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull that they not only did not interfere with the revolutionists, but actually gave them friendly counsel and assistance. It now remains for them only to facilitate the effort of the Cubans to put their house in order and establish themselves as a nation.

On October 16th the Geneva Disarmament Conference is to meet again. Yes, the corpse is to be revived! Just what there is in the present situation which encourages diplomats and delegates to believe that endeavors to disarm the nations which have failed with melancholy consistency during almost two years past can be made to succeed now, we simply cannot see. Since the rise of Hitler, conditions have become so much more dangerous than at any time since the close of the Great War, that we cannot imagine any possibility of action at Geneva. Of course, one reason, and a chief reason, for the terror of the present moment is the fact of arms itself. Ever since 1919, the nations have been following policies which led to just such a catastrophe as engulfed the world in 1914. The failure of the Disarmament Conference is a record of this fact, and an aggravation of it. So ironical is the present *impasse* that the international situation would actually be eased if the Conference would only adjourn. But adjournment is harder to accomplish even than disarmament! So great is the disgrace of not being able to cut down the present burden of armies and navies, so monstrous the insistence on preparations for war, that even diplomats cannot face the possibility of abandoning effort to achieve what everybody knows should be achieved if we are civilized, and must be achieved if we are to survive. In this, perhaps, is the one encouraging sign of the times. In the old days, men had no shame of arms. They carried swords and staves as naturally as they handled tools. But now there is a conscience at work within us, just as there is a doom imposed upon us. We can't be happy and we can't be safe in the midst of these enormous accumulations of explosives for purposes of mass-murder. So the Disarmament Conference assembles once again, to mark at least man's refusal to confess defeat in his high quest of peace.

The churches are settling down to work this fall under the code of NRA. At least, we hope they are! Cooperation with the terms of the code will be easy, for most churches already have standards of employment better than those established by authority of government. Endorsement of the program itself will be inevitable, for it represents a fulfilment, with amazing speed and thoroughness, of many of the principles long advocated by religious organizations. The raising of wages, the shortening of hours, the abolition of child labor, the recognition of trade unions, to say nothing of the frontal attack upon unemployment and poverty, are all what the churches have long desired and fought for. But we trust that the support of the administration's policy, sincere and wholehearted as it may be, will not involve the churches in any such uncritical, unconditional "blanket" endorsement of government as disgraced these institutions in the days of the World War. What happened in 1917-19 was a mobilization of the churches exactly comparable to the conscription of the citizens. The government issued orders, and the churches obeyed. It told the clergy and the people what to say and what to do—and no objection, criticism, nor even suggestion was tolerated. Those were the darkest days in the history of American Christianity, since they achieved the utter subjection of the church to the state—just as in Hitler's Germany today! Fortunately those days are gone—and they must

never return. Under the operation of NRA, the churches must still be free, their own masters and mentors in their appointed realm of ideals and the spirit. Let the churches in this crisis take example of the newspapers. In the code binding the press to the National Recovery Administration appears this momentous paragraph:

> In submitting or subscribing to this code, the publishers do not thereby agree to accept or comply with any other requirements than those herein contained, or waive any right to the imposition of any further or different requirements, *or waive any constitutional rights or consent to the imposition of any requirements that might restrict or interfere with the constitutional guarantee of the freedom of the press.*

The cause of liberal religion in this country has suffered a serious loss in the death of Dr. HENRY FRANK on July 31st last, in San Diego, California. Originally a teacher, Dr. Frank early entered the ministry of the Methodist Church, and later that of the Congregational Church. Called to San Francisco to succeed Dr. Charles F. Aked, he in due course found himself an independent in thought and spirit, and crowned his career with the establishment of his "People's Liberal Church." Here was one of the great free pulpits of the nation, eloquently served by one whose eagerly questing mind brought the best of modern knowledge to the services of true religion. Dr. Frank's culture was wide and deep, as his scholarly interests were manifold. His many books, all widely read in their time, are a monument to his zeal and vision. In spirit he was as free as air, impatient of the traditions and trammels of historic faiths, but ardent in his devotion to the essentials of religious idealism. In his own thought in his later years he was a humanist. Just as he moved out of orthodoxy into liberalism, so in his liberalism he moved out of the more characteristic phases of nineteenth century liberalism, into the more advanced phases of its twentieth century expression. Dr. Frank, in other words, was always moving with the currents of the age. To the day of his sudden death, his mind marched in the vanguard of progress. In California he was a dominant leader of thought and life, and by his lectures he conveyed his emancipating influence to wide sections of the country. UNITY mourns this man with whom it was in so many ways akin in spirit.

Disarmament

Observations for nearly two years, at Geneva, watching the Disarmament Conference and the Council of the League of Nations, seeing the efforts for agreement on disarmament as well as the growth of the Japan-China trouble that was staged before the Council, have convinced us that there can be no real disarmament that is not based on the letter and the spirit of the Paris Peace Pact. It is for the same reason that the NRA can not have real success if it ignores the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule. For the same reason America can not succeed as a democracy, if it ignores the Declaration of Independence or the Bill of Rights. It is fitting therefore to keep before us as a people the Peace Pact, if we sincerely desire disarmament. The nations condemned recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and have agreed that all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or whatever origin shall be solved only by pacific means. They thus affirmed and accepted the outlawry of war. The disarmament of the nations will be accomplished only when the nations apply this pact in spirit and letter.

It is fitting at this time to recall the origin of the movement that brought forth the celebrated Peace Pact. It is not to boast but to state a fact as well as to accept a responsibility when it is said that it is of American origin. The one man to whom mankind is indebted in the initiation of the idea of the Outlawry of War is S. O. Levinson, of Chicago. We speak of this because we discovered in Geneva the tendency to ascribe it to another of a different nationality. A little later came forward Messrs. Kellogg, Briand, Borah and others who did their important and necessary parts before the idea of Outlawry was written into the Peace Pact. Next to America undoubtedly comes France in her hearty and effective support of the movement. Which leads us to say that during our stay in Geneva our eyes were opened to the fact that France —as so often charged—was not the "villain" in the disarmament play! Our observation was that France is ready to support practically any plan or method that promises real disarmament and guarantees security. We have changed our mind about France, since watching the operations going on at Geneva. One must remember the geographical position occupied by France.

We had not been in Geneva more than a few months—and were in attendance on the sessions far more than the regular delegates—when we made two discoveries: (1) It is impossible to come to an agreement *while armed.* (2) Who is in the driver's seat at Geneva, and *therefore responsible?*

Scores of times we have watched earnest, intelligent and apparently sincere men—in committees, conferences, bureaus, meetings of "experts"—try to come to agreement over such questions as the elimination of bacteria from warfare, or the abolition of poison gas, or the prohibition of bombing from the air—problems that are relegated to the sphere of the "inhuman." They would work for hours, but when it came down to putting their names to an agreement, several would

be sure to back out, for it was the particular weapon that perhaps these several wished for their own protection. This same extended to the problem of submarines.

Take poison gas, for example! Agreed by all, that it was inhuman! Question: Suppose some beliggerent starts it? What about reprisals? But, in order to exercise reprisals, as well as protect themselves, the people must be able to use gas-masks. But, to do this effectively, real gas must be manufactured and used—and, so a vicious circle is started. Or take bombing from the air! Agreed, that it is inhuman and cowardly. But, here is a nation that finds bombs from the air most effective and economical for controlling outlying districts.

In other words, just as soon as we wander outside the spirit and letter of the Kellogg-Briand Treaty, we come to an irreconcilable conflict. And this is the reason efforts to write a real disarmament agreement have failed. There have been several fair proposals —which logically followed would have brought results. But they came to naught for the reasons we have given. The present proposals are not for real peace, as we shall show later.

More than a year ago, a representative of the Women's Peace Union, of New York—Mrs. Lazarus—spent several months in Geneva seeking to call the attention of the public and of the delegates, by means of electric moving signs and petitions and personal interviews, to the importance of the imperative idea of "Total Disarmament Now." She attracted some attention, but the delegates refused to see the wisdom of the idea—an idea that in fact is the logical sequence of the Kellogg-Briand Treaty. Until this idea is recognized and applied, disarmament will not be secured.

More than a year ago, Litvinoff of the Soviet Republic made proposals that involved a drastic reduction of arms all around—in fact at one instance he proposed that steps be taken toward total and general disarmament. Unfortunately, his proposals were not heeded.

When the "Hoover Proposals" came to the Conference, there was a brightening of the sky, for these offered a quarter or third cut. This, as compared with the general terms that had been in vogue, looked as if a stride was about to be taken. The tragedy of the chloroforming of the "Hoover Proposals," followed by a long and dismal delay and vacation, has never been told. It has not been noticed that the British delegation was the chief executioner, nor has it been noticed that the rejection of the "Hoover Proposals" had a close logical connection with the withdrawal of the German delegation from the Conference, which step undoubtedly was one of the causes leading up to subsequent events in Germany.

The Japan-China embroglio paralleled the sessions of the Disarmament Conference. It had a sad effect on the problem of disarming! The effect was doubly bad when one or two of the leading nations seemed to show sympathy with Japan in her invasion of Manchuria. And, of course, the situation in the Far East makes a reduction of disarmament more problematic. It reveals afresh the impossibility of gaining real disarmament without the application of the letter and spirit of the Kellogg-Briand Pact.

Who is on the driver's seat at Geneva, and therefore responsible for what happens? Our reply unhesitatingly is that the Anglo-Saxon is on the driver's seat. The Anglo-Saxon (chiefly Britain) is in control. The fact is seen in the whole organization of the League, of the Conference, of the Council from the inside out. The Anglo-Saxon has blocked every promising proposal that has been offered to the Conference. After doing that, he has brought in proposals—called "British Proposals"—which would be a calamity if adopted.

We have not mentioned America in this Anglo-Saxon control for as a matter of fact America has little influence at Geneva in shaping such policies as are being made. America's part in the Disarmament Conference has been humiliating to an American. The delegation showed little cleverness or courage even in pushing their own President's proposals. The disarmament of Germany in 1919 shows how it can be done, but Britain and America are not willing even to consider such a measure!

Today the Conference has before it what is called the "British Proposals"—brought in with a flourish, after several excellent proposals had been laid aside. The nations are to be asked to consider these proposals —or face the humiliation of "failure."

Our conviction is that these "Proposals" are bad, and it would be better not to sign them, and leave it to the people to find something better.

In the first place, we are presented with a plan for armament instead of disarmament. They provide for bombing from the air—a provision which opens up all the doors of the infernal regions.

The proposals if carried out would leave the Anglo-Saxon stronger in a military sense than at present, as compared with other nations. These proposals fall short of the best, i. e., total disarmament. Better proposals by far have been before the Conference—better return to these! These proposals leave the fate of the nations in the hands of a few big powers. They imply conscription. They are undemocratic. They would not prevent war. They provide for a Permanent Disarmament Commission, operating through the Council of the League, which Council is dominated by one or two powers. Disarmament should be kept as far as possible from a political whirlpool.

What shall we do? Our experience and observations at Geneva have led us to think that the opponents of war should advocate the following program:

1. Everyone should be encouraged to take a personal stand—to be a war-resister. He should declare that he will have nothing to do with war. The important minority of conscientious objectors to war should be increased. It should be pointed out that the Peace Pact gives the war-resister a legal standing as well as a moral standing. The signs in this direction, in colleges and churches, is very encouraging.

2. Education and agitation must be kept up. War is not inevitable. Anti-war congresses should be held. There can not be too many public protests. All sorts of protest and action—such as prayer, fasting, picketing—should not be overlooked, nor despised. War must and will be abolished, even as slavery was abolished.

3. When looking toward Geneva, let us remember that our own Anglo-Saxon is in the driver's seat and must be held responsible for what occurs. He is the chief obstacle to world peace. Let this be said to the Anglo-Saxon, that if he is looking for a proposal that ought to commend itself even to the most practical statesman, let it be announced that the nations should disarm down to the level of Germany! That would bring desired equality. It can be done, since it has been done, and in ninety days! This would not be a perfect plan, but is far ahead of the "Proposals" before the Conference.

4. Total and general disarmament, which has the demand of immediacy in it, must be named the goal of any real disarmament. Nothing short of this is adequate for reasoning men, who take note of what occurred during the last war or observe the terrifying inventions that are multiplying among all nations. Mankind is living in a powder-mill. Nothing will ever meet the situation and satisfy the nations—politically, economically, religiously—except a total and general disarmament plan, and this put through by an imperative urge of immediacy. SYDNEY STRONG.

Snap-Shots of Russia

II

Having "done" Leningrad in a whirlwind dash, *a la Americaine,* we must now make another dash—this time for Moscow. How that name comes ringing down the corridors of the mind. What magic it conjures before the eyes of the imagination. Center of Muscovite culture, city of mosques, minarets and towers; memories of Ivan the Terrible; meeting place of East and West; a city laid waste by Napoleon; home of ancient Czars; the Kremlin; shrine of Lenin; capital of world proletariat and world revolution! Who would not be stirred as he faces such a mecca?

Here is our first Russian railroad, and who has not heard ancient jokes about the Russian timetable. The Russian, we are told, knows nothing about time. If a train is scheduled to start at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the conductorsky may arrive at 5, and the engineerinskaya at 6, and the train *may* get under way at 7 if you are lucky. If not, any time up to midnight will do.

But not so with the Red Arrow express which runs from Leningrad to Moscow. We were scheduled to start at 9:30 P. M. and at one second past the appointed hour the engine gave its shrill adolescent squeak and as Arnold Bennett says of an English train, "starts with all the stealth of a bad habit." We are off, promptly and efficiently.

The dining car is made gorgeous with a lavish display of potted flowers, bottles of wine, mineral waters and fancy cakes. The diner is attached so that we may have a light breakfast in the morning, consisting of tea and toast, before proceeding to the hotel to be again overwhelmed with superabundance.

And the sleeper. It is interesting to an American, because it is built on such a different plan from that which we are accustomed to. The car is divided into sections, closed in by a door, instead of curtains, and the beds run crossways instead of lengthways of the car. This has many advantages, for it gives each person room to walk around in, wash and gives to each occupant a share in the window. And to climb into the upper does not require quite so high a development of simian prehensile capacities. But if the two persons occupying the same section are strangers, there is a bit more intimacy than is relished.

However, here I am ensconced on the upper shelf, rolling and bumping my way to Moscow. There is a sheet and a thin counterpane spread over the bed, but unfortunately, the counterpane is not made of lastex and refuses to stretch to even my meager proportions. If it covers my feet, then it covers about half my upper portion. And when I pull it up over my shoulders, then my feet stick out into the unmitigated atmosphere. And soon it begins to grow chilly, for while Russian summer days are hot, the nights are cool. What to do? My overcoat, of course! Happy inspiration. So I pull the linen up and tuck the coat down. But, ye gods! The coat is split up the back, and soon my feet are sticking out into the wind again. Oh, well, we can soon remedy this. So we sit up and reverse procedure, pulling sheet and counterpane down, tucking them in securely, and throwing the overcoat around my shoulders—and so good night!

But suddenly I wake with a smothering sensation. The coat has crept up on me like a snake and is noiselessly coiling itself around my head. Soon like a boa constrictor, it will have squeezed the last breath out of me and then what will the Bolsheviks do with the body? No, it can't be done. There is no compromise between the upper and lower extremities. But then, what is a night's sleep, when we are in Russia?

* * *

But before we arrive at Moscow there is the countryside which we could watch for a long time in the late and lingering twilight, and again in the morning after we had surreptitiously breakfasted on Gandhi nuts. It is for the most part low-lying with many pools and much swampy land, espe-

cially near Leningrad. But we could see the farms very well, and catch fleeting glimpses of the small villages as the train stopped at the stations.

The houses seem to be made almost exclusively of log-wood. The older type has some attempt at art in its carved window decorations, but for the most part the homes look barren and poor. Conspicuous by their absence are the numerous herds of fat cattle which give the American farms their look of prosperity. Of course, there are cows, but few and far between. The Soviets realize this need, and are driving for an increase of cattle, both in quantity and quality.

* * *

It is easy to see the growth of the collectives, for in some fields a large gang of men, women and children is working. Sometimes their new houses, hastily constructed, are huddled together in groups, sometimes the farmers move into the homes of former nobles. While the collective idea is hard to propagate among many of the kulaks, it would seem that the sociability and close personal contact of the collective would gradually win its way among the poorer agriculturists, whose isolated lives in all countries have been notoriously barren.

Here and there women are washing their family clothes, and having no modern facilities, they use the pools in the fields. Sometimes they push back the green scum in order to get at the water. Such is the condition of primitiveness that still exists in the country even near the great centers of Leningrad and Moscow. Yet perhaps half a mile away from such a backward household a factory is going up. And we cannot help believing that the introduction of modern scientific methods of industrialism will slowly penetrate to the neighborhood and gradually the standard of agricultural life will go up.

* * *

But, here we are in Moscow, arriving on the dot, and again stepping into a Lincoln car, long lines of which were drawn up in front of the railroad station. And after breakfast we started for the Kremlin. There are few spots on earth we were more anxious to visit. There are few spots more replete with history and modern significance. And unlike so many famous shrines, it completely lives up to its reputation.

Within the walls, as everyone knows, are cathedrals, palaces, and now the offices of the Communist Party. Here most of the important men and women of the government either have their homes, or desks. Stalin maintains his isolated life here, withdrawn from the gaze of the world. Stalin is probably the most difficult man in the world to interview. Few ever see him. But when he does appear to make one of his occasional speeches, everyone listens, not only in Russia, but his words have repercussion in every civilized country.

Again, we are impressed with the fact that so many museums and so much wealth of art and treasure has been preserved. Almost nothing in the Kremlin has been destroyed. Palaces have been transformed, churches now serve a very different purpose, but here we find the outward form of things essentially as it was before the Revolution.

* * *

What is this sound? Surely a crowd of men are singing somewhere in the distance—and they are coming nearer. Lusty singing this—almost shouting! And yet the voices, while not those of a trained choir, are full and they keep both time and harmony. Now we can hear the tramp of feet on the cobble pavement. It's the Red Army! Soon a detachment swings into view, and with what zest and verve they march across the open square. This is repeated with different squads at frequent intervals during our stay at the Kremlin, for within its historic walls are now situated barracks and soldiers are constantly swinging along the streets.

Is this spectacle staged for the benefit and edification of the bourgeoise groups who are visiting? Or is this a daily occurrence? Perhaps both. But we cannot help feeling that if detachments of the Red Army sing like that all over the length and breadth of the country, if they swing with such enthusiasm and sense of power, then surely the Soviets are building up a military force which in time will prove an impregnable defense. And will they some day become a threat to the peace of Europe? We have never heard of military power, organized on such a stupendous scale, and filled with such a conviction of righteousness, that has been willing to sit idly in its barracks, playing cards and shooting at targets.

* * *

And the Red Square! Situated just outside the Kremlin walls, it, too, is one of the spots which we have longed to see. And it is deeply impressive. By the way, we are told that the name "Red Square" was applied to this particular plaza long before the Revolution, because in the Russian language, "red" is synonymous with beautiful. A stranger who can hardly decipher the Russian alphabet can not vouch for the truth of this statement, but it is interesting if true. "Beautiful Square" it is, with its spaciousness, with the walls of the Kremlin looming on one side, with the grotesque church of St. Basil on another and with government buildings hemming in the other two sides. And the tomb of Lenin occupying the center.

We descend the steps into the subterranean room where the remains of the great leader rest. Past soldiers, statuesque in their stillness, through darkness, into the presence of this body. The rumor persists that it is a masterful image in wax, and is maintained to give a focal point to the ritualism of the proletariat. There must be rites, worship and heroes for any cause. Here it is in the making. Those who have visited this shrine several times declare that the body shows clear signs of shrinking, and that before long the remains cannot be viewed. So far there seems to be no diminution in the long queues of people who gather every afternoon to pay homage to this new Savior. People of every description, from every part of Russia, solemn, stolid, reverent, they stand in line and descend the dark steps to their holy of holies.

* * *

But the worship of Lenin is not merely a matter of shrines and statues. Everywhere his works are studied, his sayings are printed on billboards, he is quoted in the press, his views are discussed by local groups of workers throughout the

extent of the Soviet Union. Marxism and Leninism are the two wings of the proletarian movement. They are the intellectual forces propelling Communism into every hamlet or shop. Stalin is the compromiser, the man who makes it work, the adapter who realizes that doctrine must face the realities of human nature and who is profoundly modifying the theory to the exigencies of the day.

* * *

But—out into the city—away from palaces and mausoleums to crowded, pulsing life. Moscow has also the appearance of multitudes in the streets, of crowded cars, of buildings leaping into the air. Children here, also, nearly naked, swarming over the pavements.

But Moscow is different. Judged from outward and physical standards, it is a vast improvement over Leningrad. One finds here streets that are splendidly paved. There is far less dirt, the buildings are in better repair. There seems to be more orderliness in everything. The people look distinctly better dressed. The city, while Russian to the core, is more like home. If a visitor were blindfolded and brought into Moscow from Helsingfors, then carried out in an airplane, his judgment of Russia would be far more favorable than if he entered from Leningrad. Moscow, like the capital of any other country, is its show-place. It puts on its bravest aspect.

Here gardens are carefully kept, roses and other flowers are blooming in profusion in the squares and in public gardens. There are smooth green lawns, and one gets an impression of almost bourgeois amenities of life creeping in. Is this a surrender or a promise? Is it the first sign of communism leveling up? Or is this an evidence of that persistent urge among men toward comfort even in the midst of heroic efforts at brotherhood?

* * *

Most of the important theaters are closed, so "Intourist" arranged a special concert for our party in one of the new small theaters. A quartet of Moscow Art Singers gave many selections, a magnificent soloist from the Opera sang, and a young woman "honored artist" gave folk songs from many sections of the country. She was a vivid personality, and the announcer told us that she sang in forty-seven different dialects and languages. She had lived among the people whom she interpreted and flung herself into her work with rare power. And one of the most interesting contributions of the evening was given by fifteen or twenty men and women from a nearby factory who sang and danced in native costume. They were untaught, but loved to preserve the folk-culture which had flourished in the country districts from which they had come.

* * *

One of the most significant sights in the Moscow of the communistic regime is the park of culture and rest, reclaimed from the marshes on the banks of the Moscow river. It is a popular center, performing the function of a modified Coney Island. But it lacks the blare and most of the tawdry effects of that American shrine. The "fun machines" are few and comparatively quiet. But the presence of propaganda is what distinguishes it from ordinary parks for popular assembly. The radio is constantly pouring forth its instructions from Communist headquarters. No matter where the Russian goes today, he is met with official propaganda. It stares at him from billboards, it shrieks at him from the air, it rolls before his eye in the "movies."

One of the chief exhibits, and the one that interested us most, was that which was aimed at drunkenness. Three giant figures sprawled in various degrees of paralysis, grasping bottles of strong drink. It was a vivid and dramatic way of presenting the appeal to the workers to keep their brains clear "for the revolution." Vodka, and all the lesser forms of liquor down to beer, are available, for the government found prohibition unenforceable. But when they reintroduced alcoholic beverages, they simultaneously started a barage of propaganda against it.

We saw only one Russian who was thoroughly and obviously drunk. And he was desperately hanging on to a telephone pole, trying to get his bearings in a world that was defying all the laws of a stable and dependable universe.

* * *

One of the puzzlements for the travelers in this strange land is the question of money. And where in this modern era of topsy-turvy finance, is it not a puzzlement. But the confusion here is worse confounded.

In the first place, almost any kind of money apparently is acceptable except Russian. An acquaintance paid for a small purchase with a mixture of Swedish, French, Dutch and American change. American dollars seemed to be demanded of our party at the regular "tourist" shops.

But that was only the beginning. There seem to be two kinds of rubles—one based on gold, which was skyrocketing while the dollar was sinking; and another kind of ruble which seemed to stay fairly well fixed. But how much were they worth? No one seemed able to enlighten us. Guesses ran anywhere from fifty to eighty cents for the former, and something around three cents for the latter. We were dizzy trying to keep up with this "elastic currency."

For instance—I bought a newspaper, which bore the legend in English *three cents.* I produced the coppers, but was told that the paper cost *seven cents.* But I couldn't scrape up more than *five* cents change. "Is that all the change you have?" "Yes, absolutely." "It is quite all right. Thank you." These fluctuations are worse than stock market reports. But we suspect that prices vary with the personality and nationality of the foreigner. But the ikon I bought (guaranteed, of course, to have come from the Czar's Palace) was marked in plain figures 14 *rubles.* But how much is a ruble worth? We give up.

* * *

But time's up! We must make another dash for the boat, which is to bear us homeward via Sweden and Denmark, and our summer flight is drawing to a close.

Not less interesting than Russia itself, were the comments made by members of the party, expressed at forum gatherings on the ship. It illustrates the oft-quoted remark that people see what they want to see, or, as Walter Lippman puts it,

the "pictures in our heads" are stronger than reality. We append herewith a few phrases which undoubtedly indicate the reaction of a miscellaneous group representing a wide variety of interests.

"Show me one single thing the Soviet government has done."

"It's a going concern."

"It's dirty now, but in twenty years it may be a different Russia."

"The conditions do not greatly differ from those in American industrial centers."

"I haven't seen one beautiful native woman."

"They are practicing cannibalism in South Russia."

"I'd like to live in Moscow."

"I am struck with the obsequiousness of the servants."

"The children are all under-nourished."

"The children are like children anywhere."

"I want to come again."

And so—all hail and farewell—Russia—land of enigma—land to be feared—land of promise—world of contradictions—the world's greatest experimental laboratory. Russia—the challenge to all our cherished ideals!

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

Gandhi's Economics

I

In attempting to present to you Gandhi's economics, I am laboring under a serious handicap in that in none of his utterances or writings has Mahatma Gandhi had the opportunity fully and systematically to formulate his conceptions and theories with respect to the economic organization of society. But there is sufficient material, dealing with this phase, to be found in the many writings and speeches of this man to enable the careful student to piece together the scattered points of Gandhi's economic theories and to make up a consistent whole. Even so, I must warn you at the outset that I am presenting my interpretation of my conceptions of Gandhi's economic theories. I hope that my interpretations approximate objectively to the subjective conceptions of Gandhi, but if they do not, the blame should be fastend upon my shoulders and not Gandhi's.

One of the stock questions always raised is whether Gandhi is not trying to set back the clock of time—whether he is not attempting to go back to primitive times—to the primitive methods of production.

Another question almost always raised is whether Gandhi is opposed to machinery. Answers to these questions seem to be as simple as A. B. C. to the man who has never had first hand contact with Gandhi's writings, but a specialist would hesitate before daring to give positive answers to these questions.

We are attempting to discuss the economic theories of a man who specializes in fasting, in reducing his physical wants to a minimum, and who goes about dressed in a loin cloth; the man who in London about a year and a half ago said, "If this depression keeps on much longer, I will be the best dressed man in England."

We are today witnessing a not entirely unique situation, usually referred to as the depression. Aberrations in the economic structure of society, such as very high waves of prosperity and deep bottoms of depression, are caused by the inherent defects of our present economic organization. The fundamental defect is obviously the lack of correlation between production and distribution. Upon this defective basis we have reared an artificial structure buttressed by a false theory of value.

In the beginning money (that is to say, metallic token) was merely a medium of exchange, but in the course of time, it has come to be considered an economic good for its own sake.

Gandhi never read Adam Smith, Ricardo, or Karl Marx, but it is interesting to note that the basis of value accepted by Gandhi is the same as that accepted by the aforementioned great economists. To quote Gandhi, "Not metal but labor should be the coin of our currency."

Here we have a complete statement of the labor theory of value expounded by Adam Smith, Ricardo and Karl Marx, and it may be stated that no radical reorganization of the economic structure of society will be possible except in terms of an acceptance of labor as the basis of value.

An interesting commentary upon the same problem may be found in Gandhi's conceptions of the Russian experiment. Asked by a representative of the New York *Times* what he thought of the Russian experiment, Gandhi said:

> I do not know much about it, and, therefore, am not competent to give any judgment, but so far as I have been able to observe, it seems to me that the Russian Government is interested in correlating production to distribution. If that be so, it is an experiment with great potentialities. I shall be interested in watching it.

The symbol by which the world today knows Gandhi, and by which posterity will know him, is undoubtedly the *charkha* or the spinning wheel. And it is to the philosophy of the spinning wheel that I should now like to draw your attention. The wag said that the Americans also believe in taking a spin. But the spin that the American believes in taking around the town, in his automobile, for instance, is quite different from the spinning that Gandhi practices and preaches. Indeed, each one in a sense is an expression of the culture pattern of its respective group.

The American spinning in his automobile is an expression of the mad rush so characteristic of Western civilization. Gandhi's spinning wheel is designed to give steady employment. The spinning wheel, it is obvious, is a tool—a tool of production. By no stretch of the imagination can it be conceived to be a part of the human organism, and, therefore, by the very act of plying the spinning wheel, Gandhi is giving his blessings to the machine, which helps man to produce more than he would be able to unaided by the machine. So, the

stock question whether Gandhi is opposed to the machine can be answered in the negative.

It must be pointed out, however, that mere size is not the goal that Gandhi would set before himself. The Western world seems to have been madly obsessed by the idea that size somehow or other is the final goal in life; they have to have the biggest plant, the largest factory, the tallest building, the fastest train (all in the superlative), but where all that size is supposed to take us nobody knows.

Not opposed to the machine as machine, Gandhi is still opposed to the evils of the machine age; namely, helplessness of the worker before the employer who owns the tools of production. The difference in the status of the worker in the pre-industrial and the present state of economic organization, is as follows:

1. Formerly he was owner of his tools. Today he has no tools of his own.
2. Formerly he was the sole boss of his hours of work, and the sort of place in which he would work. Today the hours of work and the place where he is to work, namely, the factory, are designated by his employer.
3. Formerly he used to get satisfaction from craftsmanship. Today he is a cog in the wheel of the machine.
4. Formerly he used to work more or less in the open air. Today he is confined to the dingy atmosphere of the factory.

The machine, we were told, would liberate human beings from the drudgery of work. We discover, to our great amazement, that the hours of labor have increased and the rigors of work have become more intensified. Child labor, women in factories, men working 10, 12 and 14 hours a day in the factory, were not unknown at the beginning of the industrial revolution in Europe, and are familiar facts today in the Orient. It is to these evils of the machine age that Gandhi is opposed. The machine as such, he would say, is amoral, neither good nor bad.

The basis of the economic structure of society in the Western world is to be found in the formula —"The more you have in the way of material possessions, the more you are supposed to be civilized." In other words, a multiplicity of wants is considered a criterion of civilization in the Western world. The very first lesson imparted to the student of economics is in regard to the increase of human wants. The implications of this attitude are far-reaching. They pervade the entire structure of society in the Western world. Gandhi, on the other hand, believes—in conformity with the tradition of the Orient—that not multiplicity but renunciation of wants is the true criterion of civilization.

I should say that the germ of imperialism—political and economic—is to be found in this fundamental postulate of Western civilization, regarding the much desired multiplicity of wants. Once the machinery of mass production is started, it must be kept going, otherwise the capital investments in the big plants would be unprofitable. When the saturation point is reached in the country of production, the surplus must be exported. If the other countries are not capable of buying the surplus products of your country, you obligingly lend the money to buy your products with. This export of capital is the first step toward the economic and political strangulation of the other countries. Thus we see that empires are reared upon the foundation of the philosophy of the Western world in economic matters, putting as it does a premium upon the multiplicity of wants. I am not so sure that we could effectively put a stop to imperialism, politically or economically, without a fundamental change in the basis of economic organization in the Western world.

The central thesis of Gandhi regarding economic organization in India is decentralization and regional economy tending toward self-efficiency of each region, each nation, each group of nations. Centralized modes of production were necessitated under the present capitalistic order, alike by technology and by the profit motive. We did not have a widely diffused system of motive power and, therefore, steam and coal brought on a concentration of production in centrally located plants.

Now, with the development of electricity, and with the possibility of supplying electric currents and generating power in widely diffused centers, large and small, at a very small cost, it is possible to decentralize our production. Indeed, unless the Western world does take this new step to a decentralization of production, the top-heavy structure of economic society in the West is apt to topple down. In strange ways, Russia and India are both emphasizing the need for decentralization of production.

Under the impulse of nationalism Gandhi believes in an economic self-sufficiency for his country. Even though I am not an economic nationalist, I believe that economic nationalism may perhaps, in the long run, be more beneficial to all the nations of the world than financial imperialism. The choice before us today is not between free trade and economic nationalism; it is between financial imperialism and economic nationalism. I would accept the lesser of the two evils, so would Gandhi.

According to the ideal plan worked out by Free Trade economists, this whole world is to be divided into so many units, interdependent units of production and consumption. Let us say tentatively Canada and the United States are to produce wheat; Egypt, the United States and India are to produce cotton; England, Germany, Japan and the United States are to manufacture textile goods; and perhaps we might say Manchuria is to produce soya beans. Such a nicely worked out program of supplying products which others need is all right, so long as every part functions without any disturbance, but there is no guarantee that there will be no disturbance whatsoever to any of the interlocked economic units.

There is always the danger of political or social upheavals in countries. Furthermore, there is the danger of a possible natural calamity, a volcanic eruption, an earthquake, a heavy deluge of rain-fall, of "an act of God," as your Congress puts it. Thus, man's nicely calculated ideal schemes are apt to be frustrated if we do not make allowances for the possible coming into play of forces that are beyond human control. Let me put it picturesquely in this fashion: We have railroads, aero-

planes and automobiles—all capable of transporting us from New Orleans to New York within anywhere from 12 to 36 hours. Suppose for a moment that gas and coal are not to be had, what would happen? In spite of all the equipment of railroads, automobiles and aeroplanes, we would remain stranded here in New Orleans. It would take many months to walk from New Orleans to New York. Now, under the system that Gandhi more or less visualizes, you do not necessarily discount these new methods of transportation, but you would not want entirely to abolish the older, the more primitive methods of transportation.

I am just giving you an illustration to suggest the helplessness of man in the face of the forces of nature. And, therefore, perhaps if each region, or each nation, were to attempt to look after its internal affairs without too much dependence upon outer regions or other nations, it might be less of a disaster under abnormal circumstances.

This does not mean that there should be no international trading. It does make allowances for exchange of goods and services between different nations on a basis of reciprocity.

(*To be Concluded*)

HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR.

Confusion Worse Confounded

Anne and her guest walked quietly amongst the flowers, in the early twilight. The garden gave forth its delicate beauty. Delphinium, blue as the sky or the nearby lake; great spikes of regal lilies; delicate pink of early phlox and clarkia; tall, stately Japanese iris, in contrast to the deeper notes of gold and red in calliopsis and gaillardia; the black seed-pods of Oriental poppy made it such a scene as Renoir loved to paint. A gentle breeze murmured amongst the leaves. An evening of peace and fragrance; scarce a sound, except the splashing of the fountain. The tiny dog, Moti, followed them from stepping-stone to stepping-stone, as they admired here and sniffed the fragrance there.

Suddenly, beyond the garden, a dreadful din was heard. It seemed that hundreds of birds were scolding and shrieking. What could be the matter? An owl, perhaps, of which birds are always fearful.

As quickly as possible, Anne and her friend arrived at the scene of disorder, and this is what they saw:

On the ground was a fledgling robin, not yet able to fly. It was hopping excitedly and as rapidly as possible. Moti followed, walking slowly and watching carefully. When the fledgling was too tired to hop further, it stopped, and the dog stopped a few paces behind. Meantime, the parents and their multitudinous friends kept up their frightened cries. An instant's rest, and the scene was repeated. The little robin, and all the big ones, were frightened: the little dog was curious. He did not offer to touch the bird—probably he had never seen a robin before that couldn't fly. The fledgling became weary, the din increased and Moti stood at a respectful distance, wondering what it was all about.

Reluctantly, at the command of his mistress, the dog left the scene, and, suddenly, all was peace and quiet.

H. S. N.

Mitsui of Japan

The Japanese people are for the most part rigidly honest, honorable and highly intelligent. Millions of them have been rocked in the cultural cradle of the Eightfold Noble Path, the oldest, most rational and most pacific ethical code known to man. No sword was ever drawn in the cause of Buddha; no auto-da-fe has ever sullied that holy name! Why then are the Japanese engaged in a barbaric orgy of aggression, slaughter and destruction? Here is the answer: War is Big Business. It is the super-racket of the ages—the trade of financiers, munitions makers, battleship builders.

The Japanese masses think that they are waging a defensive war, just as the simple-minded American patriots waged "defensive" war against Germany in 1917-18. That their wars are defensive against aggressor enemies is the prime lie of all governments.

Down in the land of the rising sun there lives a little yellow man by the name of Baron Hachiroemon Mitsui, a blood relative of the bomb-making Anglo-Greek, Sir Basil Zaharoff, and of the pious Dr. William B. Shearer, erstwhile propagandist of hate at Geneva for American armament builders. The Mitsui firm is the Vickers-Armstrongs of Japan. It has interests in the Nippon Petroleum Co. in the Medajima Aircraft Co., in electricity works, and in the Taisho Marine and Fire Insurance companies. Mitsui is linked up with the Curtiss-Wright Corp., our foremost makers of bombers and training aeroplanes, fighting and command planes. The power of Mitsui is simply incomprehensible, even for Americans. It is greater than that of Mussolini, of the Mikado, of Morgan! It extends over the Japanese islands; it reaches over Korea, Peking, Shanghai, Hongkong, to Manchuria, to the Philippines and Hawaii.

This little man finances riots on the Sandwich Islands; he finances the jackstraw kaiser in Mukden; he finances the Grande Duke Alexander, who is marauding at the moment in Charbin; he finances the Japanese forces in the Philippines, and is supporting with money and credit the current Sino-Japanese conflict.

When the Ashanti (Nationalists) incite war against the Chinese or the Soviets, Mitsui's order! When Imamati shoots down the unfortunate minister Inoekai: Mitsui's work! When, on the beautiful sands of Waikiki United States naval officers are stabbed to death: Mitsui's hand! Baron Mitsui had Imamati bribed. Imamati shot down Minister Inoekai pitilessly. Not because the latter had done anything wrong, but because he was an advocate of peace and opposed the plans of Mitsui with an iron fist. Yukio Ozaki, veteran pacifist, is expecting to be assassinated, per Mitsui's order, at any moment! For Mitsui will have war! He is not only a banker and business man, but also an ammunition manufacturer.

Since times immemorial the firm of Mitsui has provided the whole east with explosives, rifles and machine guns. And always, when the matter did not proceed quickly enough, the little arms maker saw to it that there arose a new conjuncture in the ammunition trade, and he accomplished more by far than both Zaharoff and Shearer in this sphere.

The Mitsuis have manufactured ammunition for more than three hundred years. When Toboeke Mitsui, pawnbroker and maker of weapons, died in 1682, he was the richest man in Japan. His descendants have continued both branches of his business. They have become richer and richer, a dynasty of multimillionaires! They have in their possession factories, newspapers, mines and shipping companies, and their influence has for long far surpassed that of any European or American trust magnate.

At present the little Baron Mitsui controls 60 per cent of Japanese trade. He is the largest armament manufacturer of the East. He possesses a private fleet of thirty-one steamships. He is the foremost silk producer in the world and the richest man on earth!

"Only by the overthrow of Japan's militarism can the good repute of Japan in the world be restored to its former luster."—Ozaki.

R. J. WESTLAKE.

The Study Table

The Revolution in India

The author of this book* is a remarkable character. A British subject and Roman Catholic, he is of partly Jewish descent. He received his education in Germany. He has spent the greater part of his life in the East—twenty-one years as a *sahib,* and nine years as "an Indian among Indians," attached to the famous "Servants of India Society" in Poona. It is perhaps this combination of personal qualities, united with open-mindedness and fine spiritual sympathy, which makes this book one of the most interesting and useful which we have seen on the subject of modern India.

The title of the volume well describes its content. It is in essence a history, sound in scholarship but popular in spirit, of the political awakening of India during the last one hundred years. In the opening a distinctive note is struck in the identification of this awakening with the religious and social reform movements in India at the beginning of the 19th century. Ram Mohan Roy (1772-1833) and the Brahmo Samaj are placed in the forefront of the story. Gandhi makes his first appearance in these pages as a religionist and reformer. This is because in India, as perhaps in no other country in the world, religion and politics are one. It is because Occidentals so seldom understand this fact, that they so seldom understand what is going on in India, and why.

Yet from the outset it must be emphasized, (says Dr. Zacharias), that it is impossible to understand Indian political aspirations and activities, if one divorces them from that nation's great new spiritual urge toward Truth and Justice—aye, and Love—of which the one and the other alike are but outward manifestations.

Having thus given the proper setting for his drama, the author proceeds to tell the story of the political movement for larger liberty in India. His reading of the not unfamiliar facts is full of insight and illumination. He makes much of the great figures involved on both sides of the battle-front. His particular hero is Gopal Krishna Gokhalé, whose statesmanship he believes could have worked out the problem had he received cooperation from Englishmen. Bal Gangadhar Tilak he does not rate so high; while recognizing his utter courage and sacrifice, he deplores the demagogic attitude of the extremist. From 1914 on, of course, the whole story centers about Gandhi, whom the author reverences as a saint but on occasion criticizes sharply as a statesman. On the British side, Dr. Zacharias lauds Ripon, Montague and Irwin, has little respect for Morley, and none at all for Curzon.

The supreme tragedy of the Anglo-Indian history of the last century, the author of this book makes perfectly plain. It is the tardiness of Britain in recognizing and meeting the changing realities of Indian life. Is it ever fated, he asks, that empires should be too late? Certainly England has always been "too late" in dealing with the awakening aspirations and demands of the Indian people. Again and again she has made concessions and achieved reforms which if made ten or even five years earlier, would have achieved results, but which, when at last made, produced nothing but added irritation and new demands. Also, there is the consistent failure of the Empire to use the Indian leaders, and its equally consistent success in turning these leaders from friends into foes. Gandhi is here, of course, the supreme example, for in the beginning of his career he was the staunch ally of the crown. If ever there was a record of lost opportunities, this story of England in India is it. When the Empire loses at last its brightest jewel, it will be for no other reason than that she has deliberately thrown it away.

Dr. Zacharias sees the solution of the Indian problem in "the swift but ordered progress of the motherland from Self-Government to National Sovereignty within the British Commonwealth of Nations." He prefers dominion status, in other words, to out-and-out independence. He seems not at all sure, however, that this program, which would have suited all but a few extremists in India a dozen years ago, can now be applied. The nationalistic passion, persistently frustrated and flouted, can be satisfied with nothing short of full freedom. Again it is a case of "too late!"

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"Renascent India," by H. C. E. Zacharias. Published by George Allen and Unwin, London.

Mostly Oriental

The newest general treatise on linguistics is Graff's "Language and Languages."[1] It is a work of genuine scholarship. It is intended as an introduction to its field but it is far from a book to be scanned. It calls for attentive and thoughtful reading. The book makes no attempt to find the origin of language, but accepts language as it is and attempts to analyze, define and follow it in its variation and distribution. Language presents a variety of aspects—physical, articulatory, acoustic, psychological, semeiological. This simple statement in itself gives ground for thought: to

1. "Language and Languages. An Introduction to Linguistics." Willem L. Graff. New York: 1932. D. Appleton and Co. 16 mo. pp. xlvi-487. Price $4.00.

distinguish and sharply define these aspects is no mean exercise in analysis and discrimination. The book is divided into two parts—*Constituents and Mechanism*, and *Drift and Diversification*. Language has two essential characteristics, sound and meaning. Without a phonetic and a semantic element, there is no language. In part one, the phonetic element of language is first studied. The organs of speech are described, the importance of phonetic analysis is recognized, but the discussion does not drift into a study of phonetics only. The different classes of phonetics are separated and defined and the general properties of sounds are stated. A long and careful study of the syllable is made and the theories regarding it are critically examined. In the following chapters, meaning, the second essential element of language is studied with equal thoroughness. There is no inherent relation between sound and meaning in most cases. Chapters then deal with units of signification, accentuation and categorizing. The word has less significance than either the syllable or the sentence. Priority of the sentence to the word seems to be indicated. Limits of space prevent fuller presentation of the first part of the book. The second part deals with drift and diversification. No language is fixed and changeless. All are constantly changing. Chapters are given to phonetic changes, causes of phonetic and linguistic change, and changes involving meaning. The book ends with chapters on language classification. An examination is made of classifications that have been suggested. There are three general forms—morphological, ethnological and genealogical. The first two are considered unsatisfactory. Neither comparison of words or of grammatical structure are fully approved. The only safe and reliable is the genealogical.

From what precedes it may rightly be inferred that it is anything but easy to ascertain the pedigree of a language. In many cases, owing to the lack of records or to the absence of morphology by reason of radical isolation, an historical classification seems quite impossible with present known methods. A complete classification will undoubtedly remain an ideal to be striven for. Yet several linguistic families have been solidly and scientifically established. Among these the Indo-European group occupies the most important place, but, besides, the Semitic, the Finno-Ugric, the Bantu, the Malay-Polynesian, the Caucasian and the Dravidian families are today sufficiently well established. Most of the work has been done in languages with a written history; what is yet to be performed is much more difficult because it concerns languages whose past is not easily or not at all accessible.

It seems like a small advance from the day when Tylor wrote his "Anthropology." But we stand on firmer ground than then. Grimm's law has been sadly shaken by modern criticism but consonantal shifting is a reality and today we really know how it has operated in the Indo-European family. Though classification by comparison of words is given reduced value, our author finds ground for serious attention to ultimate phonetic elements in any given language. It is rare that change takes place in them and as indicia they have their value. "There is practically no phonetic borrowing in language, however great the number of word importations."

Professor Saunders now gives us a new book on Asia—its cultures, its religions and its heroes—under the title "The Heritage of Asia."[2] He believes that Asia has made a contribution to the world and that it may still make contribution. The Asia here considered is India, China, Japan. A brief outline of Asiatic history is first presented and a chapter is devoted to the characteristics of each of the three cultures. In a sense India is the older and the others have received much from her: Japan is the youngest and has made the least independent contribution. Buddhism, originating in India, has had a mighty influence in China and still profoundly affects Japan. A triple idea runs through the construction of the book—the author deals with three countries, three cultures, three religions, three writings, three great heroes in the past, three leading in the present. The three great Asiatics are Sakyamuni (the Buddha), Confucius and Shotoku Taishi. The three great scriptures are the Gita, the Analects and the Lotus Sutra (which while not of Japanese origin has had a deeper influence there than elsewhere). The three great modern leaders are Gandhi, Hu Shih and Kagawa. Each of these is treated separately and with a meed of praise. Korea deserves to be known and appreciated, but the brief and unsatisfactory chapter given to it might better have been omitted as it mars the symmetry of his treatment without being an adequate tribute. The spirit of our author is tolerant but he is never enthusiastic in his praise and always, with reserve, feels that all these outer creeds and achievements fall short of Christianity. It is probably demanding too much to expect a Christian clergyman to state pagan achievements simply, leaving them to speak for themselves. A notable feature of the book is its selection of illustrative readings from the three scriptures. Saunders has written better books than this one but it is good for beginners and is intended to lead to further and wider study.

What is probably a unique work comes to us from the University of Chicago Press.[3] It is a handsome piece of book-making—paper, type and arrangement and binding are all beautiful. The matter is Chinese poetry of the Tang period (618 to 906 A. D.) translated into English and thrown into the form of English rhyme by a Chinese. The translater-poet is a man in political life, a practical statesman, an admiral. One hundred and twenty-two poems are presented, which are said "to present a philosophical view of China's political ideals." They are taken from the anthology, "Ch'ien Chiah Shih, Selected Poems from Many Poets." The originals were all of four lines of either five or seven words to each line. Admiral Ts'ai has already figured in literature, being the author of a synthetic study of Lao Tzu. He plans to write a companion volume to the present work explaining the mechanics of Chinese versification and the art of translating Chinese poetry. The admiral has made these translations at intervals through a period of thirty years and some of them have already been printed in Chinese periodicals. In this volume a page is devoted to each poem and the original Chinese is printed above the translation. Chronological tables and notes aid to an understanding of the material. It is difficult to give a fair idea of these poems by single selections. Judgment and appreciation must come from a reading of them in their entirety. However, one or two may be quoted as examples:

Calling on a Hermit

I asked a lad beneath an old pine tree—
"My master's gone for herbs," said he to me.
"He must be here within this mountain dell,
But where, with clouds so thick, I cannot tell."

2. "The Heritage of Asia." Kenneth J. Saunders. New York: 1932. The Macmillan Co. 16 mo. pp. 224. Price $1.75.

3. "Chinese Poetry in English Rhyme." Ts'ai Ting-kan. Chicago: 1932. University of Chicago Press. Square 8 vo. pp. xxi 146. Price $3.50.

Sadness on Ascending a Tower by the River Bank

The tower by the stream I mount alone and sigh,
How softly blends the light of moon and stream and sky!
Where now those who enjoyed the moon with me? No more!
But quite the same the landscape seems as days of yore.

Mrs. Suzuki's little book, "Nogaru, Japanese No Plays,"[4] is a number in the *Wisdom of the East* series. The usefulness of these handy little volumes is generally recognized and the fact that a book is included in the series is presumption of quality. There are already a number of books in English dealing with this particular form of Japanese dramatic art but there is room for one like this which gives a brief sketch of their nature and samples them. There are three main forms of the Japanese drama—the popular theatre (*kabuki*), the puppet show (*bunraku*) and *No*. The latter is the aristocratic, esoteric, on the whole most ancient. It looks to Korean and Chinese sources and reached its full development in the Ashikaga period (1338-1573). It is a part of that remarkable cultural flowering to which the garden, the tea ceremony and the incense testing belong. Today it exists in various schools, as the entertainment of a select few. Even in its full development it never made an appeal to the masses. It has its own stage, its own music, its own costuming, its own action. It is rigidly regulated.

In addition to the profound meaning in the wording, there is the added harmony of the music and song and grace of the movements and beauty of the pictures. All these unite to produce a perfect whole.

Mrs. Suzuki, in an introductory chapter sketches the history, the stage, the paraphernalia, the music, the action. She then gives translations of five plays and summaries of seven others. The purpose of the book is to prepare one to see *No* intelligently and to follow a play as one sees it.

Sir Frederick Whyte's "The Future of the East and West"[5] is a number in the English series of handy volumes on *World Problems of Today*. It is popularly written by a man who has had Oriental experience. There is an introductory chapter on the importance of the problem and a closing chapter on *The Future: Appeasement or Conflict*. The three chapters between deal with India, China and Japan. His views on India seem to grow out of his hopes. Contrasting tutelage with responsibility he says:

Mere tutelage will not do it. The reforms of 1919 blended tutelage with responsibility, the changes now being made will reduce the former and greatly extend the hope of the latter; and it is a fair prediction that when they take shape in a new Constitution many of those who now decry them will find that they offer so much of the real substances of self-government as to be worthy of support. Once more as in 1923, a large body of nationalists will probably desert the barren field of agitation and turn to constructive labor.

We shall see. The chapter on China deals with the Revolution and its aftermath. It is probable that Chang Kai-shek (on p. 91) is a printer's error, but we have our suspicion. Our author is still hopeful. He expects China some day "to create a true commonwealth of liberty for her people" and emphasizes England's duty to help—"when the people of China appeal to us to aid them in their attempt to follow our example, we have a peculiar duty to respond to their call." Sir Frederick calls Japan, the Janus of Asia. The metaphor is built on a quotation from Marco Polo, who was never in Japan and could have known little of Japanese idols. Still, if Polo had visited Zipangu and found idols with a single head and two countenances, it would not show Japan as especially different from China, or Russia, or England let us say. Our author tries to be kind to Japan but plainly considers it the naughty boy of the world's hour. As to the peril which confronts us, he holds that Europe, the United States and the East must co-operate; they must form a circle, not broken arcs, if equilibrium is to be established. In closing the author touches upon five points which have a bearing—race and color, the legacy of the past, China's attitude, Soviet Russia, the League of Nations.

FREDERICK STARR.

4. "Nogaru, Japanese No Plays." Beatrice Lane Suzuki. New York: 1932. E. P. Dutton & Co. 16 mo. pp. 124. Price $1.25.

5. "The Future of East and West." Sir Frederick Whyte. London: 1932. Sidgwick and Jackson. (Marion Saunders, 27 E. 35th St., New York). 16 mo. pp. 180. Price $1.50.

The Fascist Invasion

In one of his writings, Santayana puts his tongue in his cheek and asks a facetious question. "Sheep are providentially designed for man? But why not also for wolves, and men for microbes?" No one can go so far as to accuse Schauinsland of ignorance; the mind of a German scholar is rarely if ever deliberately witty; it appears more likely then, that this newest essay out of fascist Germany is a bit of shrewd propaganda.

The inability of science to explain life in its entirety is a fact that no true scientist will deny. The mechanistic philosophers themselves admit the shortcomings of their creed. Dr. Schauinsland, however, fails to give either the scientists or the behaviorists credit for these admissions. His monograph* is a complete denial of the legitimacy of any scientific implications. He is a modern Hegesias, a twentieth century "Persuader to Death." Two-thirds of the work is given to his rejection of the Darwinian theory of selection.

All this, of course, assuming that he is sincere. Indeed, his brief yet guarded references to the soviet government and his plea for an old fashioned religion for the masses, forces one to consider the possibility of an attempt to win the favor of the Hitler regime. Certainly, a brilliant biologist such as Dr. Schauinsland is known to be, cannot consistently criticize the mechanists for going beyond their proven factual data and attempting an explanation and then turn about and make bald statements himself! As a matter of fact, the mechanists, as has been said, would not admit that they try to *explain* anything. They are not concerned with psychic phenomena. But Dr. Schauinsland goes so far as to say that "only man is able to conceive in his brain abstract ideas." Modern science has no proof whatever for this and his statement that "children of criminals commit crimes at a certain age in spite of education and most favorable conditions" is absurd.

Nevertheless his argument for metaphysics is sound. The scientist cannot go beyond time and space. This is the field of the philosopher. Dr. Schauinsland is a scientist obviously in search of God, knowing definitely that his science has not given him an answer to the riddle of the universe. The poetic style of the translation alone is justification for the reading of this little volume of ninety pages.

F. D.

*"The Great Enigma," Hugo Hermann Schauinsland. Publisher, E. P. Dutton & Company, New York. $1.25.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 18)

Rome Institute of Educational Cinematography, and to study the possibility of establishing greater collaboration with such educational institutes and organizations as are interested in promoting better international understanding.

This year's agenda was exceptionally interesting. It included discussions on various important reports and projects, e. g., "Educational Reorganization of China," "Scientific Study of Social and Political Relations," "Production of Educational Films on the League of Nations," "The Press and Intellectual Co-operation," etc.

India is represented in this International Commission on Intellectual Co-operation by Sir Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan, vice-chancellor, Andhra University, Waltair. Professor Radhakrishnan is perhaps the greatest exponent of Hindu philosophy in our times, and he hardly needs an introduction to the intelligensia in the East as well as in the West.

In a broadcast talk delivered shortly before his departure for India, Professor Radhakrishnan dwelt on the need for greater intellectual co-operation in these difficult days. His address is summarized below:

". . . We are living in great times. History is being made before our eyes. It is the duty of the intellectuals to interpret the events, direct their course, and thus contribute—in an active way—to the march of events.

"While science and organization are building up a single world-body, the world does not yet function as a single organism. Our political partitions and economic barriers are dividing the one-world into a number of independent units. The one civilized society is being governed by sixty and odd independent sovereign states. It is our duty to build up a world-soul, a world-culture, a world-conscience, to inform and animate the one world-body. The International Committee on Intellectual Co-operation is endeavoring to build up such a world-culture by furthering international sympathy and understanding.

"While thought is important and necessary, it is not enough. In the last War, the intellectuals exhibited more bad feeling than the masses. Mere enlightenment has never yet stopped a bullet. In spite of our pacifist professions, we easily fall victims to mob passions and national egotisms. Those who stand up for the ideals of peace among the nations—of social progress and of human brotherhood—must have not only the mental agility but also the moral courage to suffer for their ideals. We talk about peace in Geneva, but prevent reforms, delay disarmament, and fight shy of all generous ideas. The change needed is not so much an intellectual as a psychological one. Unless individuals and groups of individuals arise in every state,—men who are prepared to suffer for peace,—we shall not get nearer the goal.

"I believe that the Eastern nations, China and India, who are pacifist by tradition and temperament, have a good deal to contribute to the new world culture. They are the necessary complement and corrective to the dominant, rationalist pragmatism of the West. They may not be advanced politically, but political values are not the highest—nor are they all the values. If we are servants of the values of spirit, of truth and justice, peace and honour, let us adopt in our lives—and with our lives—the maxim *So long as one man is in prison, I am not free; so long as one nation is subject, I belong to it.*"

S. G.

Geneva, Switzerland.

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